

Missiskoui Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

VOL. 4.

FREELIGSBURG, L. C., TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1838.

NO. 3.

THE
MISSISKOUI STANDARD
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EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,
BY
J. D. GILMAN,
To whom all Communications must be ad-
dressed; and if by mail, post paid.

POETRY.

THE SUICIDE.

Deep vale of sorrow! from life's early day
Amid thy cypress shades a sojourner,
Woes of dread name have marked my winding
way,
And forc'd from feeling's fount the burning tear;
The tear for unrequited love and truth,
For honor fall'n, the purple blush of shame,
The rending sigh o'er vanquish'd hopes of youth,
The pang of woman's pride for blasted fame,
All these are mine; and more, I may not, durst
not name.

Dark dugs and bitter!—let one think,
Unnerv'd her energies, quench'd her fire,
Tamey the maddening draught shall Ella drink,
No! rather let me rouse each intent ire;
And nobly spurning the low beaten track,
The world's cold scorn, and pity of the good,
With Portia's Arria's courage, render back,
Of being's weight the insufferable load,
A bootless gift at best—resum the loan, my God!

The deed is done! the steel hath glem'd on high,
The crimson tide of life is ebbing fast,
Soon shall this breast expel the final sigh,
And these quick flut'ring pulses throb their last!
Soft in the earth this wilder'd head shall rest,
The daised turf surmount this bursting breast,
Nor Ella's heart be wrung with Ella's woes,
Prison'd from sorrow there, and safe from all her
foes.

Ha! do I rave? the mist that veil'd my sight,
Life's laboring panting breath hath swept away,
And conscience, habited in beamy light,
Opes her broad page, and points the informing
ray.

Passion's loud gust is hush'd, nor longer drowns
Her awful voice as first 'twas won't to do;
Truth told in thunder, my stunn'd ear confounds,
And o'erwhelms me with its weight of woe;
Where, my distracted soul, for refuge canst thou
go?

Saviour of sinners! to thy wounded side,
Thong long contemned, fair would my spirit
fee;

Sole ark of safety, where the guilty hide
From floods of vengeance...yet no shield for me!
Too late! too late! Oh give back to life!
The faintest path that ever mortal trod,
Its keenest sorrows, and it sharpest strife,
Its veriest ignominous scorn and load,
I could endure for aye...but not thy frown, Oh
God!

Laugh'st thou at my calamity? I rush'd
Dreadless to meet thee at thy dreadful throne;
With every vile and untam'd passion flush'd,
I dar'd the doom and pluck'd the vengeance down.
Dark boils the gulf of Death, that now I pass,
No change to meet but deep and deeper ill;
For, on the opening gates of during brass,
I read thy unrev'red and righteous will,
He that comes filthy here, let him be filthy still.

CORNELIA.

NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Old Catharine, the watchman's wife, at nine o'clock on New Year's eve, opened her little window, and put out her head to see if it was fair. The snow was falling in silent heavy flakes upon the street. She observed crowds of people hurrying to and fro, pouring out of the various inns and coffee houses, and going to the dances and other entertainments with which it is customary to welcome in the year. But when a huge flake or two had lighted on her nose, she drew back her head, closed the window, and said to her good man, 'Gottlieb, stay at home, and let Philip watch for you to-night; for the snow will be a foot deep ere long, and you know the cold does your old bones no good. The streets will be alive all night. There seems dancing and feasting in every house. Masqueraders are going about, and Philip will enjoy the fun.'

Old Gottlieb nodded his assent.

'My barometer,' he said, 'the old wound above my knee, has given me warning all day of a change of weather. It is only right that the son should help me in the duty, since he is to be my successor it is.'

We must give the reader to understand, that old Gottlieb had been a gallant servant of his king and country; had been the first to mount the walls of a hostile fort, and had been wounded by a musket bullet in the thigh. The officer who commanded the attack gained rank and honors in consequence of its success; while Gottlieb was fain to creep home on crutches. After supporting himself by keeping a school he had been promoted to the post of watchman, with the reversion of it to his son Philip, who had in the mean time bound himself to a gardener. It was only the good housewifery of Catharine, and the extreme

fatigue of old Gottlieb, that enabled

them to

gardner for his board and lodging, and had nothing but what he occasionally received when he carried home flowers to the rich people of the town. He was a fresh, handsome young fellow, of five and twenty, and perhaps it was on account of his good looks, as well as his taking manners, that he received sundry extra dollars from ladies of a botanical turn of mind. The good old mother had already put on her cloak to go to the gardener's house to fetch her son, when he entered the little apartment.

'Father,' said the young man, giving a hand each to the old couple, 'tis snowing, and the snow won't do much good to your rheumatism. I'll take the watch to night, and you can get comfortably to bed.'

'You're a good boy,' said old Gottlieb.

'And then I've been thinking,' continued Philip, 'that as to-morrow is New Year's day, I may come and spend it with you. Mother perhaps has no joint in the larder, and so—'

'No,' interrupted the mother, 'we've not exactly any joint, but when we have the rest of that pound of venison, and that, let me tell you, with roast potatoes for a relish, and a little rice (with laurel leaves, by way of ornament,) will make a very comfortable meal. Next week we may do better, for the New Year's gifts will be coming in, and Gottlieb's share will be something; but still, venison, roast potatoes, rice—'

'Not to mention the laurel leaves, mother—'

'And a flask or two of beer will be entertainment fit for a prince.'

'And so it will, dear mother,' said Philip, 'but have you paid the rent of the cottage yet?'

Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders.

Philip laid a purse upon the table.

'There are two-and-twenty dollars that I have gathered. I can do very well without them; take them for a New Year's gift, and then we can all three enter on the new year without a debt or a care. God grant you may both be happy in this year, and see many more. For every thing else we must trust to the goodness of heaven.'

Tears came into the mother's eyes as she kissed her son; old Gottlieb said solemnly, 'Philip, you are the prop and stay of our old age. God will reward you. Continue to be honest and good, and to love your parents, so will a blessing rest on you. I can give you nothing for a New Year's gift but a prayer that you may keep your heart pure and true—then you will be rich enough—for a clear conscience is the only wealth worth having.'

So said old Gottlieb, with his hand laid on the head of Philip, who had bent down to receive his blessing; and then he wrote down in an account book that lay by his side, the sum of two-and-twenty dollars that his son had given him.

'All the cost of your keep and education is now nearly paid up. Your savings amount to three hundred and seventeen dollars, for which I have given you my receipt.'

'Three hundred and seventeen dollars! cried the old mother in the extremity of amazement—and then turning to Philip, with a voice full of tenderness, 'Ah, Philip,' she said, 'you grieve me. Yes, indeed you do. If you had saved that money for yourself, you might have bought some land with it, and started as a gardner on your own account, and married Rose. Now that is impossible. But take comfort, Philip. We are old and feeble, and you will not have to support us long.'

'Mother,' exclaimed Philip, & he frowned a little; 'what are you thinking of? Rose is dear to me as my life, but I would give up a hundred Roses rather than desert you and my father, or wish your lives shortened by an hour.'

'You are right, Philip,' said Gottlieb; 'loving and marrying are not in the commandments—but to honor your father and mother is a duty enjoined on you by God. To give up your own wishes to your parents is the truest gratitude of a son. It will gain you the blessing from above; it will make you rich in your own heart.'

If it were not too long for Rose to wait,' said Catharine, sadly; 'or if you could give up the engagement altogether! For Rose is a pretty girl, that can't be denied; and though she be poor, there would be no want of wooers. She is as good as beautiful, and understands housekeeping as well as—'

'Never fear, mother,' replied Philip: 'Rose has solemnly sworn to marry no man but me; and that is sufficient. Her mother has nothing to object to me. And if I had money enough to keep a wife with, Rose would be mine to-morrow. The only hardship is that her mother will not let us meet so often at we wish. She says frequent meetings do no good: but I differ



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he saw his companion commence his walks, he began to fear he had gone too far in consenting to his wish. He therefore dressed him once more.

'I hope, sir, you'll be very steady while you fill my place, for if you go beyond my bounds, or misbehave in any way, it may cost me the situation.'

'Hallo! I answered the stranger. 'What's the meaning of that? Do you think I don't know my duty? Off with you, this minute, or I'll put you into the cage. Pretty fellow, giving advice to a watchman—Off, I say!'

The new guardian of the streets walked onward with all the dignity becoming his office, while Philip pursued his way to a tavern, where he intended to regale himself and thaw his half frozen limbs over a glass of ale.

CHAPTER II.

Philip stalked majestically through the snow covered streets, where as many people were still visible as in the middle of the day. Carriages were rattling in all directions; the houses were all brilliantly lighted. Philip enjoyed the scene; he sang his verses at ten o'clock, and blew his horn lustily in the neighborhood of St. Gregory's church, with many a thought on Rose. 'Now she hears me,' he said to himself; 'now she thinks on me, and forgets the scene around her. She won't fail me at the church door.' And when he had gone his round, he always returned to the house again, and looked at the window. Sometimes he saw female figures at it, and his heart beat quick at the sight; sometimes he fancied he saw herself; and sometimes he studied the shadows thrown on the window blind, to discover which of them was Rose's, and to fancy what she was doing.

Philip turned round, and in a low whispering voice asked what the stranger wanted.

'My gracious lord,' answered the mask, 'in your reverie you have passed the door. Will your highness—'

'What? royal highness?' said Philip, laughing. 'I am no highness. You are mistaken!'

The mask bowed respectfully, & pointed to the brilliant buckle in Philip's hat. 'I ask your pardon if I trench on your disguise. But, in whatever character you assume, your noble bearing will betray you. Will you condescend to lead the way into the palace? Does your highness intend to dance?'

'I? To dance? replied Philip, somewhat bewildered. 'No...you see I have boots on.'

'To play, then? inquired the mask.

'Still less. I have brought no money with me,' said the assistant watchman.

'My heaven!' exclaimed the stranger. 'Command my purse—all that I possess is at your service!' Saying this, he forced a full purse into Philip's hand.

'But do you know who I am?' inquired Philip, and rejected the purse.

'I? To dance? replied Philip, coming to the brilliant buckle in Philip's hat.

'I ask your pardon if I trench on your disguise. But, in whatever character you assume, your noble bearing will betray you. Will you condescend to lead the way into the palace? Does your highness intend to dance?'

'Good...lead the way—I'll follow.' The mask obeyed, and tripped up the marble stairs, Philip coming close behind him. They entered a magnificent hall illuminated with half a thousand candles and dazzling chandeliers. A confused crowd of maskers jostled each other, sultans, Bavarian broom girls, knights in armor, nuns, magicians, goddesses, satyrs, monks, Jews, Medes, and Persians. Philip for a while was abashed and blinded. Such splendor he had never dreamt of. In the middle of the hall the dance was carried on by those who preferred that amusement to the music of a full band. Philip, whom the heat of the apartment recovered from his frozen state, was so bewildered with the scene that he could do little more than nod his head to the various addresses made to him.

'Will you go to the hazard table,' whispered the Chamberlain, who stood beside him, and whom Philip now saw to be dressed as a Brahmin.

'Let me get unthawed first,' answered Philip, 'I am an icicle at present.'

'A glass of mulled claret?' enquired the Chamberlain, and led him into the refreshment-room. The pseudo prince did justice to the invitation. One glass after another was emptied. The wine was splendid, and it spread genial warmth through Philip's veins.

'How is it you don't dance to-night, Chamberlain?' he asked of his companion, when they returned into the hall. The Brahmin sighed, & shrugged up his shoulders.

'I have no pleasure now in the dance. Gaiety is distasteful to me. The only person I care for...the Countess Bonau...I thought she loved me; our families offered no objection...but all at once she broke with me.' His voice trembled as he spoke.

'How?' said Philip, 'I never heard of such a thing.'

'You never heard of it?' repeated the other, 'the whole city rings with it. The quarrel happened a fortnight ago...she has never given me the least explanation. She has sent back three letters I wrote to her, unopened. She is a declared enemy of the Baroness Reizenthal, and had made me promise to drop her acquaintance. But, think how unfortunate it was! When the Queen-mother made the hunting party to Freudenwald, she appointed me cavalier to the Baroness. What could I do? It was impossible to refuse. On the very birth day of the adorable Bonau I was forced to set out. She only heard who was my companion—but she did not know my heart.'

'Well, then,' said Philip, touched with the Chamberlain's distress, 'take advantage of the present joyous season. The new year makes up all quarrels. Is the countess here?'

'That is she,' replied the Brahmin; 'the Carmelite on the left of the pillar beside the two black dominos. She has laid aside her mask.—Ah! prince! your highness' intercession would —'

Philip gave him no time to finish the sentence—the claret had inspired him. He walked directly to the Carmelite. The Countess Bonau looked at him for some time, with cold eye and flushed cheek, when he placed himself beside her. She was a beautiful creature; yet Philip remained persuaded that Rose was a thousand times more beautiful.

'Countess,' he said...and became embarrassed when he met her clear bright eyes fixed on him.

'Prince,' said the Countess, 'an hour ago you were somewhat too bold!'

'Fair Countess, I am therefore at this present moment, the more quiet.'

'So much the better, then. I shall be safe from your attacks.'

'Fair lady, allow me to ask you one question. Have you put on this Carmelite mantle to do penance for your sins?'

'I have nothing to do penance for.'

'What! Countess!...your cruelties...your injustice to the poor Brahmin yonder, who is neglected by all the world?'

The beautiful Carmelite cast down her eyes and appeared uneasy.

'And do you know, fair Countess, that in the Freudenwald affair the Chamberlain is as innocent as I am?'

'As you, Prince?' said the Countess, & bent her brows a little...why did you not tell me that an hour ago?'

'You are right, dear Countess, I was too bold. You yourself have said so. But now I declare to you the Chamberlain was forced to go to Freudenwald by command of the Queen—against his will was forced to be cavalier to the hated Reizen that...'

'Hated—by him?' interrupted the Countess, with a bitter laugh—'well—go on.'

'Yes, indeed,—he despises the Baroness. He has given up all acquaintance with her...and treated her with marked neglect, and all this for your sake. You are the only person he loves...to you he offers his hand...his heart...and you!—you reject them!'

'How comes it, Prince, that you intercede so warmly for Pilzou? You did not do so once.'

'That was because I did not know him, and still less the wretchedness your behaviour caused him. I swear to you he is innocent—you have nothing to forgive in him...he has much to forgive in you.'

'Hush!' whispered the Carmelite, 'we are watched here; come from this.' She replaced her mask and stood up. Placing her arm within Philip's they crossed the hall and entered a side-room. The Countess uttered many complaints against the Chamberlain, but they were the complaints of jealous love. The Brahmin soon after came timidly into the apartment....There was a deep silence among the three, and the Countess dashed away the tears that had gathered in her eyes. Philip, not knowing how to conclude his intercession better, led the Brahmin to the Carmelite, and joined their hands together without saying a word, and left them to themselves. He himself returned into the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

Here he was addressed hastily by a Mameluke....'I'm glad I have met you, Domino. Is the Rose-girl in the side-room?' Without waiting for an answer, the Mameluke rushed into it, but returned, evidently disappointed. 'One word with you, Domino, said he, and led Philip into a retired window in a recess of the hall.

'What do you want?' asked Philip, surprised.

'I beseech you,' replied the Mameluke, with subdued, yet resolute voice, 'where is the Rose girl?'

'What is the Rose-girl to me?'

'But to me she is every thing! I answer—'

ed the other, whose suppressed voice and agitated demeanor showed that a fearful struggle was carrying on within. 'To me she is every thing. She is my wife. You will make me wretched, Prince! I conjure you drive me not to madness. Think of my wife no more.'

'With all my heart,' answered Philip, drily: 'what have I to do with your wife?'

'Oh, Prince, Prince!' exclaimed the Mameluke, 'I am resolved on my conduct if it should cost me my life. Dissent from me no longer... I have discovered every thing. Here! look at this! 'tis the letter my false wife slipt into your hand. Without having had time to open it, you drop it in the crowd.'

Philip took the note. It was written in pencil—'Change your mask. Every body knows you. My husband watches you. He does not know me. If you obey me you know your reward.'

'Hem! muttered Philip. 'As I live, this was not written to me. I don't trouble my head about your wife.'

'Hell and fury, Prince! drive me not mad! Do you know who it is that speaks to you! I am the Marshal Bla-kensward. Your advances to my wife are not unknown to me, ever since the last rout to the palace.'

'My Lord Marshal,' answered Philip quietly, 'excuse me for saying that jealousy has blinded you. If you know me well, you would never suspect me of such proceedings. I give you my word of honour I will never trouble your wife.'

'Are you in earnest, Prince?'

'Entirely.'

'Will you give me a proof?'

'Whatever you require.'

'You have hindered her up to this time from going to visit her relations in Poland. Will you recommend her to do so now.'

'Delighted; if you desire it.'

'Do it! do it, your Royal Highness! you will prevent incalculable misery.'

(To be continued.)

ed them. A new race has sprung up. We wonder whence they have sprung. Those whom they call their fathers and mothers, were little children when we knew them, and memory is amazed that they are not smooth-faced little children still. A few days are spent. Curiosity is busy. The tales of other years are rehearsed. Every

opposing tongues. One thing is certain, that all other tongues have fallen or are falling before it. The dialects of the Indian are becoming extinct with the tribes that spoke them. The French has yielded in Louisiana, and the Mexican Spanish is retreating before Anglo-Saxon robbers of Texas,

It is folly in the French Canadians to struggle against their destiny. It is impossible that a handful of French, in the extreme north-east, can raise themselves into a nation, against the enterprise of a race which already has covered almost the whole continent. It is worse than folly. From 1791 until last year, the French have been laboring to avert their fate; and although possessed of every legislative facility for the purpose, they have been unable to succeed. They have oppressed the Anglo-Saxons resident in the province, and they have labored to drive away those who wished to come into it. And what is the result? They have failed. The legal power they possessed was unequal to the end; and when they, in despair, betook themselves to force, to accomplish their darling wish, the Anglo-Saxon race, the boas-contrictor, pressed upon them and around them, until it crushed them.

It is utterly impossible, then, that a people hemmed in as they are; destitute of education, of enterprise, of wealth, of every thing, in fact, but a daily vanishing majority, can raise themselves superior to a race possessed of all these qualifications. And hence, also, it ought to be their desire to assimilate themselves, as quickly as may be, to the people by whom, in a few years, they will be surpassed.

A good deal has been said about Mr. R. S. M. Bouchette, at present in Montreal Jail for high treason, and many have doubted that he ever made use of the expression attributed to him, while preparing in the State of Vermont, for an invasion of this Province, and addressed to a few loyalists of St. Armand. We repeat the expression, 'Not only your lives,' said Mr. Bouchette to them, 'will have to pay the forfeit, for your conduct on the frontier, but also the lives of your Wives and children.'

We shall set all doubts at rest. The morning after the affair at Missiskoui Bay, we happened to be in the same room with Mr. B. and mentioned to him the current report of his having made use of the inhuman expression. He denied the truth of it. At the moment two of the gentlemen to whom he had uttered the threat, came in, and on being appealed to by him in support of his denial, they repeated his words as above. We presume that those gentlemen (whose character is unimpeachable) are ready to make affidavit that the words used by Mr. B. were to the above effect. To give further credence to this, we have only to mention, that Mr. B. came into St. Armand at the head of a body of 200 men, fully equipped with small arms and artillery to execute his threat.

The following despatch, addressed to Colonel JONES, we have much pleasure in inserting for the information of the men of his battalion.

PHILIPSBURG, 11th May, 1838.

SIR,—I am directed by his Excellency the Commander of the Forces, to transmit the accompanying extract of a letter from the Secretary of State for the colonies, dated the 26th February, 1838, expressing the high sense entertained by her Majesty's Government of the services rendered by the Militia and other loyal Volunteers of this Province; and in fulfilling this pleasing duty, I sincerely congratulate the Corps of the Missiskoui District, on having well merited this distinguished mark of approbation.

EXTRACT.

"I have the honor to transmit to you herewith, a copy of a letter from the Secretary to the Lords commissioners of the Treasury, suggesting considerations which render it expedient that the Volunteer corps, which, in the late emergency, have so cheerfully afforded their assistance to her Majesty, in Upper and Lower Canada, should be released as soon as possible from all military service. I entirely concur with the Lords of the Treasury in the view which they have taken of this subject, and I trust that the present state of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, combined with the increase which has already taken place in the amount of the regular Military force in Lower Canada, and the certainty of additional reinforcements arriving at an early period, will enable you to act on this suggestion.

"In conveying this information, I avail myself of the

pressing the sense entertained by her Majesty's Government of the zeal and gallantry with which, regardless of considerations of personal danger or inconvenience, the members of these corps have come forward in aid of her Majesty's troops for the suppression of the late insurrectionary movement, and the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire."

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient

Humble Servant,

W. J. WILLIAMS.

Major unattached!

To Lieut. Colonel

The Hon. ROBERT JONES,

Commanding the Missiskoui Militia.

&c.

&c.

The following details of the death of Major WARDE of the Royals are from the *Montreal Herald*.

An affair of honour took place yesterday morning near the Pavillion which we are sorry to say, terminated fatally to one of the parties, Major Henry John Warde, of the 1st Royals. His antagonist is said to have been Robert Sweeney, Esq. but nothing certain is known regarding his being the person, or of the nature of the quarrel between the parties. Report also says that Major Warde was attended on the ground by Captain Mayne of the Royals, and Mr.

Sweeney by Mr. Airey of the Royal Artillery and that Dr. Knox of the Royals was the medical attendant. The meeting took place at five o'clock in the morning, and a coroners jury sat at one o'clock P. M., bringing in the following verdict: 'we are of opinion that the late Major Henry John Warde came by his death, in consequence of a gun shot wound inflicted by some person unknown in a duel this morning.' This melancholy event has cast a gloom on every countenance. The following is an epitome of the evidence before the Jury:—

James McDonald, ploughman to Mr. B. Gibb, deposed that about 5 A. M., on leaving his house to go to the stables, he heard the report of a gun or pistol, and on reaching the stable, he saw in a field a short distance off, a figure lying on the ground, and three or four persons about it, as if lamenting over it. One of the party, who had on a white hat, came to him and asked him to assist in carrying to the Pavillion the body of a gentleman who had been shot; he declined, stating that the author of the person's death ought to be punished, but on the assurance of the gentleman that he had nothing to do in the affair, deponent, with two other farm servants, carried the deceased to the Pavillion. Recognised the body shown him as the one he saw in the morning. Does not know any of the parties.

J. B. Lanouette deposed about 5 A. M. he saw 4 persons in Ross' field near the Grand stand, walking about, that he was about 4 acres from them but seeing two of the party take positions as if for fighting a duel, he approached to within two and a half acres from them; that the antagonists appeared to be about fifty feet apart, that he heard the words 'ready, fire,' when one pistol was discharged and one of the parties leaped two or three feet in the air and fell down, upon which he went up to him, and saw him expire. He was ordered off the ground, and at first refused, but afterwards went away, but previous to doing so, he addressed the individual whom he supposed had shot the other, as follows: 'You have made a bad beginning of the day,' that he got no reply, but the individual addressed threw the pistol on the ground, and began to sob; the other two knelt down by the body, laid their hands on the breast of the deceased, and appeared highly agitated and grieved. Deponent does not know any of the parties, did not see the deceased or any other person attempt to leave the ground, after the word 'ready,' and before the word 'fire' was given.

A. H. David, Esquire, M. D., deposed, that on an extra examination of the body, he discovered a gun-shot wound in the right side, which had fractured the seventh rib, and had taken a direction backwards, and downwards, coming out on the left side about one and a half inches lower than the wound on the right side, and also wounding the inner part of the left arm, corresponding to the wound on the left side. A large quantity of blood had evidently escaped from the wound, but does not know if enough, of itself, to cause death. The Jury then decided that Dr. David should open the body, which he did, and gave the additional testimony. Opened the body, raised the breast bone or sternum, found the lungs and heart quite collapsed, and great effusion of blood on both sides of the chest, also some small pieces of bone. On examining the lower lobe of the right lung, he found an opening corresponding to the wound on the right side, which passed through the back bone or vertebrae, cutting the spinal marrow. On introducing the finger into the opening, he found the bone completely shattered, portions of which he produced. Following the direction of the wound, he found the lower lobe of the left lung perforated in a slanting direction, and the wound making its exit between the eighth and ninth ribs on the left side; has no doubt the wound occasioned by the perforation of a bullet. Identified the body as that of the deceased Major Warde; is of opinion that the right

would have been injured by the bullet.

W. H. Laverock, cabinet maker, residing at the Pavillion, deponed, that about half past five o'clock in the morning, he was awake by a knocking at the door, and on looking over the window, saw a gentleman who asked him if the landlord was at home, and that he wished a room to put a gentleman in who had been shot in a duel. Before he opened the door, he looked out at the back window of the house, and saw a person on the ground, with two or three round him. The door was subsequently opened, and the body placed in a room, on a boudette which the deponent procured for that purpose. While washing the body, a bullet fell out from the left arm. A person who styled himself Captain Mayne's servant, told deponent that deceased was Major Warde, and two of the other gentlemen were Captain Mayne and Dr. Knox, all of the Royal Regiment, that he did not know who the other parties were, thought the gentleman who shot Major Warde lived near the Haymarket, and that his name was Sweeney. They all appeared very sorry at what had occurred.

The chartered & other Banks of Montreal, commenced specie payment on the 23d instant.

Casualty.—Mrs. JAMES TAYLOR, of Philipsburg, whilst returning from Church, on Sunday last, was thrown from the carriage and sustained a severe injury, fracturing her Arm, Thigh and Clavicle.

Germany.

The German papers last received state much irritation still prevailed in Germany upon the subject of the King of Prussia's religious controversy with his Catholic subjects. The government was beginning to be seriously offended at the boldness with which inflammatory papers were circulated by agents said to be employed by the Catholic party, and determined upon strong measures of repression of such publications. A serious misunderstanding had also arisen with the Belgian government, on account of the countenance and circulation given to the inflammatory papers, & it is stated that Prussia desirous of obtaining a vigorous interference from Brussels, was about effectually to cut off all communication with that country by a military cordon.

Spain.

Advices from Bayonne of the 16th inst. state that Gen. Espartero was marching on Alava, for the purpose, as was believed, of directing a combined attack against all the positions held by the Carlists in the Basque provinces and Navarre.

The Gazette de France states that Don Carlos had ordered a levy en masse of the inhabitants of Navarre, and states that the Queen's government had a similar measure in contemplation.

Authentic accounts reached Paris on the 21st of April, that on the 12th the Carlist chief, Negri, appeared before Valladolid, but was vigorously repulsed.

Quebec Address to Sir J. Colborne.—The following Address has been agreed upon by the committee appointed at the general meeting of Thursday 10th instant, and is published for general information. It will be ready for signature as soon as engrossed, of which notice will be given:—

To His Excellency Lieutenant General Sir JOHN COLBORNE, &c &c &c &c

May it please Your Excellency.

We, Her Majesty's Faithful & Loyal subjects the undersigned inhabitants of the City and vicinity of Quebec, beg leave respectfully to address your Excellency on your return to the Seat of government.

Fully aware of the many and signal services previously rendered to your country during a long series of public employments Military and Civil, in various parts of the globe. We, nevertheless, feel it our peculiar duty on the present occasion, to express to Your Excellency our grateful sense of the benefits which this province has derived from your presence during the events which will render for ever memorable the Winter of 1837.

Most fortunate do we esteem ourselves, that on the outbreak of the late unnatural Rebellion in the District of Montreal, her Majesty's Forces, limited as they were to numerical strength, had been entrusted to the command of a General Officer so experienced, and so capable of meeting the emergency, as Your Excellency.

The Military skill of the arrangements, and of the combinations by which your small force was brought to oppose the difficulties which presented themselves, command our warmest admiration; and we gratefully feel, that next to the Blessing of Divine Providence, the people of this province are mainly indebted to your Excellency, for the early suppression of the insurrection, and for the security of the lives and properties of her Majesty's loyal subjects therein.

Your Excellency having been called to the Administration of the Government of this province, on the departure of the Earl of Gosford, we beg leave to express our entire satisfaction with the judicious and useful Legislation, which marked the late Session of her Majesty's Special Council; and with the advantageous character of the several Ordinances, proposed by your Excellency for the deliberations of that Body, and which have become the Law of the province.

lations on the occasion of your return to the seat of Government...assuring Your Excellency of our unfeigned respect and esteem for your high character and eminent public services, as well as of the grateful sense which we shall ever retain of the benefits you have especially conferred upon the province of Lower Canada.

And we shall ever pray, &c.
Quebec, Lower Canada,
May 15, 1838.

The Stakesby, transport, which left Portsmouth on the 20th, arrived to-day, brings twenty one horses, eleven of which belong to his Excellency Lord Durham, and the remainder to the officers of the Guards; together with carriages and other articles belonging to his Lordship. The horses have been landed this afternoon, and taken up to the Chateau stables.—*Quebec Gazette.*

Seven members of Congress have died at Washington, since the commencement of the present session.

A large fire occurred in Detroit on the 1st. Four of the principal stores were destroyed. The loss in goods and furniture has been estimated at D30,000.—*Franklin Messenger.*

Yesterday, May 7, Charles Durand, barrister, of Hamilton, brother of Charles Durand, Esq., late M. P. P., underwent his trial for high treason, which lasted till 8 o'clock in the evening, when the jury, after being absent about a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of 'Guilty.'—*Toronto Patriot.*

Sentence of death was pronounced the next day, but the Patriot says it will not be executed, and that Mr. Durand will be transported with the other condemned prisoners.—*Fr. Mess.*

France and Mexico.

A translated copy of the *Manifesto of the President of the Mexican Republic to the nation.*

MEXICANS—If it be the sacred duty of the Chiefs of free nations to address their fellow citizens when an internal danger is about to compromise their interest and happiness, this obligation takes a more august and more national character when an external war is threatened. Then the voice of the Christian Magistrate is the centre of all opinions, of all parties; and without the odious distinctions of civil war, calls all to defend the dignity, the rights, and the honor of the country.

You are already aware of the deplorable state of our relations with France, and have been able to appreciate the conduct of the Government, who have employed every method which their noble and amicable sentiments could inspire, to prevent the hostile measure which at length the French Cabinet have adopted. Without hearing our minister, whose mission had for its object to regulate our relations and found them upon a more firm and solid basis; without knowing the intention of the Republican Government, disposed at all times to satisfy just and rational claims; without dates or sufficient information upon the state of the negotiations, order a naval force upon our coast, and demands with violence, pecuniary indemnifications, the removal from office of our magistrates, and such concessions as will cause a general alarm in the continent of America. The document published by the Minister of Foreign Affairs will give you every information, and arouse your zeal and your patriotism.

It would be useless to manifest to you the necessity of contesting upon the *ultimatum* of the French Government, in the terms used in the respective communications of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. There is not, I do not a moment doubt, one single Mexican, who does not think as thinks, and feel as feels, the Government. The honor of an independent nation is so delicate, that the least fault which might stain it would cover it with infamy.

The blockade of our ports, to deprive the nation of a part of its pecuniary resources, is about to be put in effect by the French naval force. With this it is intended to compel the Government to accede to the pretensions of the *ultimatum*, with the assurance that it will be continued until those pretensions are fully complied with.

Nothing ought to intimidate us, because, in similar circumstances, the nation will not be deficient of any auxiliaries that may be necessary; and even should she be deficient, would she, in one solitary difficulty, give up her national patriotism? The Mexicans know how to suffer every class of privation and these, so far from cooling their enthusiasm, only excite the rage against an unjust aggression.

Mexicans: Let us prepare ourselves for the defence of the choicest blessings enjoyed by a free people—liberty and honor—and confide in the decision of the Government and of the Congress to obey the national vote. From this moment ought to be extinguished every species of odium and resentment which unfortunately has divided the members of the same family; and, in your name, I declare him a traitor who shall foment disunion or discord.

Manifest to the world that generosity forms your character, and that the world knows nothing of you when it attempts to present you as men who possess but a small portion of hospitality and civilization, that the French citizens who reside in our territory under the protection of our laws

them with due consideration, and do not stain with the least blemish the character of the Mexican nation.

We feel sensible we cannot conceal it that we have for our enemy the Government of one of the most flourishing and powerful nations; but if the differences which now exist have to be decided by justice, patriotism, and above all, the protection of Providence, we may count on the termination being crowned with success, and exhibit to the world that the abuse of foreign power is not capable of changing the glorious destinies of the Republic.

Disposed as much for an honorable peace as decided for an eternal war, your President will omit nothing on his part to prevent any new difficulties that may tend to prolong a state so prejudicial to the interests of both countries. Nor does he lose the hope that, in the end, will be re-established that friendship and harmony which is of so much importance to both Governments. If it were not thus, and if the blessings of peace have to be sacrificed in order to submit to ignominy and infamy, let us all unite in the spirit of 1821; when, full of confidence in the justice of our cause, we declared to the world to sacrifice our existence, if it be necessary; and the first to do so is your President and friend,

ANASTASIO BUSTAMANTE.

Palacio of the National Government, Mexico, March 21st, 1838.

WARLIKE—IMPORTANT!

By the arrival of the 'Sarah Sheafe,' at New York, we learn that a French squadron was hourly expected to blockade Buenos Ayres, at the time of her leaving,

France had demanded satisfaction of this Government for outrages against French citizens, residents in Buenos Ayres, and for their having been compelled to enter the army against Peru. The Consul demanded the release of the latter, and D30,000 for the support of the family of Monsieur Barcle, who was said to have died from uncalled for ill-treatment on the part of the Buenos Ayres authorities.

These demands the government had treated with contempt. The French Consul struck his flag, and intended going on board a French ship of war, 22 guns, lying off the port, for the purpose of quitting the country.

He had sent intelligence to the French Admiral at Rio Janeiro and all foreign vessels were to receive 14 days notice to leave Buenos Ayres, if the dispute were not settled amicably.

Died,

At Philipsburg, on the 24th inst. Mrs. Mary Russel, consort to the late Thomas Russel, Esq. in her 72d year.

Notice.

THE business in the Factory of the Hon. Robert Jones, in the village of Bedford, will the ensuing season be conducted by Mr. ABRAHAM FRELIGH;

a workman of acknowledged abilities and experience...WOOL will be carded at the following rates, viz.

3 cents per pound, cash down—
4 cents payable the ensuing winter—
5 cents after that time

Persons entrusting property to his charge may rely upon punctuality and dispatch—most kinds of produce received in payment for work done.

Bedford, May 29th, 1838.

Watches.

CYLINDER, alarm, repeating & English, French and Swiss watches, just received and for sale at the jeweller shop opposite the Court House, St. Albans, Vt. by

C. H. HUNTINGTON.

May, 25th, 1838.

SILVER table, desert, tea, cream, salt and mustard spoons, sugar tongs, watch chains, spectacles, ever point pencils, toothpicks, Thimbles; and tape needles just received at the Jewellery Shop, opposite the Court House, St. Albans, Vt.

C. H. HUNTINGTON.

29th May, 1838.

JUST received and for sale, opposite the Court House, St. Albans, Vt., German silver guard chains, German silver table, tea and desert spoons, German silver mounted spectacles, also, Plated Table and tea spoons, sugar tongs and soup ladles.

C. H. HUNTINGTON.

29th May, 1838.

STEEL and horn twis, combs, shell and horn side combs, ivory and horn pocket combs and fine tooth ivory combs; hair, tooth and shaving brushes; pocket books and wallets, silk, cotton and leather purses, scissors and razors, pocket, pen and dirk knives, Pomeroy's superior razor straps just received and for sale cheap by

C. H. HUNTINGTON.

Opposite the Court House,

St. Albans, Vt. 29th May, 1838.

BRITANNIA coffee pot, tea pots, tumblers, inkstands, shaving boxes and revolving castors, from four to six bottles; brass candlesticks, snuffers, tea tray, tea bells, snuff boxes, sun dials and pocket compasses, sun glasses, steel bush, Elastic ties, &c. for sale cheap by

C. H. HUNTINGTON.

Opposite the Court House,

St. Albans, Vt. 29th May, 1838.

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Opposite the Court House,

THE PASSAIC FALLS.

On looking over the second number of the second volume of the *Casket*, my eye fell upon a picture of the Passaic Falls in New Jersey under which was a description of that grand display of nature by the Editors of this interesting work; and in which I found a passage of a 'Melancholy catastrophe, which occurred here a few years ago to a lady, who had ascended to the upper level over which she was viewing the labyrinth beneath, when becoming dizzy, she lost her footing and was precipitated into the gulph below.'

High on a rock
Whose echoes mock,
The roaring of the flood,
In beauty fair
Amid the air,
A lovely lady stood.

Far 'neath her feet
In one wide sheet,
The crystal cascade pour'd,
And at each leap,
Into the deep,
The Tumbling torrent roar'd.

Still, still she gaz'd,
While o'er her blaz'd
The rainbow's brilliant dyes;
And round and round,
The thundering sound,
Still pierc'd the ambient sklest.

She gaz'd again—
Her dizzy brain
Danc'd o'er the wat'ry world,
Down from her height
In realms of night,
The dark waves o'er her curl'd.

Far down the stream
Her pitiouss scream,
Was drown'd amid the roar;
And near the wave,
Is made her grave,
Along the sounding shore.

And now 'tis said
When day hath fled—
And moonbeams gild the night,
Her spirit walks
And wildly talks,
Upon that dizzy height.

MILFORD BARD.

AGRICULTURAL.



IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

A few weeks since we published a communication from a correspondent, giving the results of an experiment in planting corn, by Hart Massey, Esq., of this village. Mr. Massey called upon us on Saturday last to correct an important error in said communication, and invited us personally to examine said field, which we accordingly did, and now give the results of our observation.

Mr. Massey took of the seed corn, with which he planted the field, a small quantity, and soaked it in a solution of sal nitre, commonly called salt petre, and planted five rows with the seeds thus prepared. The remainder of the field, we believe, was planted by the same individual. Now for the result. The five rows planted with corn prepared with salt petre will yield more than twenty five rows planted without any preparation. The five rows were untouched by the worms, while the remainder of the field suffered severely by their depredations. We should judge that not one kernel saturated with salt petre was touched, while almost every hill in the adjoining row suffered severely. No one who will examine the field can doubt the efficacy of the preparation. He will be astonished at the striking difference between the rows and the remainder of the field.

Here is a simple fact, which, if seasonably and generally known, would have saved many thousands of dollars to the farmers of this country, alone, in the article of corn. It is a fact, which should be universally known, and is in all probability one of the greatest discoveries of modern times in the much neglected science of agriculture. At all events, as the results are deemed certain, while the expense is comparatively nothing.

Mr. M. also stated as to the result of another experiment tried upon one of his apple trees last spring. It is a fine, thrifty, healthy tree, about twenty five or thirty years old, but has never in any one year, produced over about two bushels of apples. Now, if the plaster will prevent the blast, it is a discovery of great importance. Mr. M. was led to make the experiment by reading an account of the production of trees adjoining a meadow where plaster had been sown at a time when there was a light breeze in the direction of the orchard, the trees contiguously to the meadow bearing well, while the others produced no fruit... *Christian Guardian*.

I will give you an account of a piece of corn, I cultivated last season. The ground had laid in pasture seven years. It was thinly spread over with fresh stable manure, and on the first of May it was turned over very smoothly and harrowed lightly till all the crevices were filled. On the 5th of May it was planted two feet and a half one way, and three feet the other, with the common eight rowed yellow corn, tared, & rolled in plaster... It germinated readily, and gave a healthy, promising appearance through its whole stage of growth. We hoed it, or went through it twice, and stirred the earth thoroughly destroying all weeds; the second time pulled out all but four of the healthiest looking plants in each hill. I dispensed with the old fashioned custom of hilling up, as not only usele-

and unnecessary but fatal, and injurious in its consequences. From measured half acre 103 bushels of ears were produced.

R. H. SHELDON.

Brutus, March 1838.

MADNESS IN HOGS.—Some time in July 1837, I observed my hogs were seized with symptoms of madness, and died daily I lost some 15 or 16 head of very fine shoats. A neighbor passing one day, observed it was the effects of green buckwheat, to which they had recourse. I closed my fences, and since that time I have lost no more hogs.

Believing that the above is not generally known, and it may be of utility to the agricultural community, you are at liberty to publish it in your valuable paper.

W. McCaughey.

Wayne County, March 1838.

Anecdote of the late Sir Edmund Nagel...

When a young man, travelling in a post chaise up Shooter's hill, a highwayman rode up, presented a pistol into the window and demanded his money or life. Sir Edmund, then a very athletic man, seized the arm of the ruffian, twisted the pistol from it, dragged him through the window, and, placing him beside him to keep him quiet, ordered the post boy to drive on. The humble supplications of the highwayman were answered with, 'Be easy, boy, be easy, I won't hurt ye.' Still, the conscience-stricken robber kept pleading, till, at length, the chaise reached the captain's lodgings, when he hauled the fellow out of the coach, walked him up to the garret and locked themselves in. He then took off his own coat and said, 'Now, sir, I neither mean to hang ye, nor hurt ye, but I'll just give you a broth of a bating, which having accomplished, he opened the door, bade the robber be off, and the next time he stopped the coach, to rap at the window, and ask if Pat Nagel was inside, before he ventured to poke his pistol in to it.

Getting the wrong pig by the ear...at a village in the Commune of La Ferte-Fresnel, in France, a scene has lately been witnessed which has filled all minds with consternation. A farmer seated at a table of a wine-house with several other persons, agreed to sell a fat pig to a neighboring proprietor, and to deliver the animal upon the following Wednesday. The bargain was sealed by a few glasses of cider, according to ancient usage, after which the seller and buyer rose from the table...Upon leaving the cabaret, the purchaser recollects that he had a pressing engagement for the Wednesday, and stated to the seller that it would be an accommodation to him to pay the amount one day before that already fixed. To this no objection was made, and in fact the pig was delivered to the buyer upon the Tuesday evening. Having thus disposed of the animal, the seller was returning home, when, near his own door, he was accosted by a man leading a bear, who begged a night's lodging for himself and his charge. The farmer, under other circumstances, would not have felt an inclination to entertain such guests, but as night was falling, and the wind chilling and frosty, and recollecting, too, that the pig-stye was vacant, his good feeling prevailed, and he determined to give shelter for the night to the bear-leader and his savage companion. When they arrived at the farm the bear was installed in the pig's place, and his master having made him up a bed for the night, retired to the farmer's cottage, where he was invited to sit near the fire, was admitted to the table, and provided with a bed. The night passed on, but it would appear that two of the persons who had been drinking at the same table with the farmer when the terms of the bargain were agreed upon, and who were under the impression that the pig was to be sent on the Wednesday, had determined to steal the animal before it was so removed. Accordingly they repaired to the farm at night, & one of them crept into the sty, whilst the other remained on the outside of the hedge...What passed between the ill-fated intruder and the ferocious animal was known only by the pools of blood, broken bones, and fragments of flesh which were found strewed upon the floor the following morning. The other robber, feeling uneasy at not receiving the agreed signal from his accomplice, ventured to approach the house, and finding all still, crept nearer to the den. He called to his comrade, but all was silent. He then determined to penetrate into the sty, but as he entered the ferocious beast, whose thirst for blood had become excited, threw himself upon him with great fury. The unfortunate man was overwhelmed, but after a short time succeeded by extraordinary effort in saving himself from the rage of his enemy. He was so weakened, however, by the loss of blood, from his wounds, that he was unable to fly, and he fell in the garden, where he was found by the people of the farm. He died next day in the greatest torture.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—A gentleman, just from the South, has brought us a copy of the following 'pekkler' descriptive of an 'absquatulated one.' We print it in all its glory of original description.

Absquatulated from this place, on the 27th ult., a foolish looking rascal, who came to me some time since, stating that he had no money, and soliciting employment, gave him a \$1.

enough to pocket about one hundred and fifty dollars, and the night on which he decamped he came to me and got a one hundred dollar bill, as he said, to change a larger one; this was the last that I ever saw of him or the bill.

Said scoundrel was large, clumsy, lazy, fat, ragged, sucker mouthed, blubber-pated, and had a senseless, sneaking look. I believe he did not get drunk as he was too mean to buy the liquor, but 'the way he could eat is sinful,' and I appeal to those who have been so unfortunate as to board him to say whether they would take him again for double price. He pretended to teach writing...but O, my country! I pity the poor devil who should have to read it. I hope it will not be thought that I grieve much for the loss of his services; but I must confess that I feel chagrined that I should suffer such a simpleton as he evidently was to come the double shuffle over me. I think it will surprise the good people of this town, when they are told that this scamp was JONATHAN M. NELSON.

I have the skin of a Tom Cat and a Buck Rabbit, well stuffed...either of which I will give as a reward for him, as I considered them to be about the value of his carcass in Mississippi; the Cat Skin is sound and without blemish, except the ends of the hair have been cut off in some places by the Cockroaches; the Rabbit skin is in fine order, and the more valuable for having been raked down by Mower, and containing a fine breed of that charming little insect which when the Frenchman put his finger on him he was not there.

A. HAZLETTIN.

Jackson, Feb. 9, 1838.

PERSONAL.—A witness was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the whole court upon him, then fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, he began:

'May it please your honor, you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing.'

The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately exclaimed, 'Turn to the jury, sir.'

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s 3d will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment, if made by or before the expiration of the first nine months.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until six years are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion.

Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d. per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by insertion.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

C. H. Huntington, St. Albans, Vt.
Hollis Robinson, St. Lukely
Samuel Maynard, Esq., Dunham,
P. H. Moore, P. M., Bedford,
Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Eliza Crossett, St. Armand.
W. W. Smith, P. M., Philipsburg.
Galloway Freleigh, Bedford.
P. Cowan, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.
Abner Potter, Brome.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.
Samuel Wood, Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Wm. Hickok, Cooksville.
Henry Bright, Sutton.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.

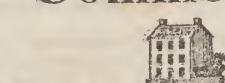
Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the Mississoula Standard, will please to leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Freleighsburg, all payments must be made.

A Card.

MRS. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, Mr. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

Commercial



HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has leased the above well known Establishment, to which many improvements have been added this Spring; and no exertion will be spared on his part to maintain the well known reputation of the House.

JOHN BAKER.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

Warning.

THE public are hereby warned against pur-

chasing a note due on 1st Jan. last granted

by Lyman Kirby, for sixteen d^o—favor of

Frederick P.

For Sale,

Three new Double

Waggons.

H. M. CHANDLER.

St. Armand, 10th April 1838.

A New Work!

On the first of July, 1837, will be pub-

lished, beautifully printed on good pa-

per, of an extra large royal size,

& neatly stitched in a colored

cover, the first num-

ber of a new peri-

odical work

entitled

THE GENTLEMAN'S

MAGAZINE.

Edited by

WILLIAM E. BURTON,

To whom all original Communications will be

Addressed.

The announcement of a new Periodical, in

the present state of affairs, may create some feel-

ing of surprise, but having contemplated an alter-

ation in the nature of a very popular monthly

publication, 'Every Body's Album,' the proprie-

tor deems it best to proceed in the perfected ar-

rangements, and produce a periodical embodying

the most wholesome points of the old work, but

conducted with sufficient energy and talent to

ensure the success of their new arrangements.

The respectable and extensive subscription list of

the Album, to which this work is designed as

a successor will at once place the Gentleman's Mag-

azine in circulation at once equal to that of any

other monthly work in the United States, and

guarantees the continuance of its publication, with

the certainty of payment to the enterprise of the

proprietor.

The contents of the Gentleman's Magazin

will, in every respect be answerable to the mean-

ing of the title. We do not pretend, in our liter-

ary pursuits, to fly as 'eagles soar, above the

keen of man,' nor shall we be content with mere

skimming the surface of the ground; our pages

will not be filled with abstruse predication nor

shall we display the brilliancy of our critical ac-

umen in matters 'caviare to the milton.' In short

we do not mean to be profoundly learned, nor

philosophically dull. We wish to produce a

gentlemanly, agreeable book...an epitome of life's

adventures...a literary melange, possessing variety

to suit all palates and sufficient interest to com-

mand a place upon the parlor table of every gen-

tleman in the United States.